

The Diverting Post.

Saturday, October 28th 1704.

To the Reader this short Introduction.

THE Design of this Paper being in part different from any that has been hitherto Publish'd, we hope that it may be received amongst Quality, Gentry, and others, who delight in the publick Diversions of the Town, and for whom it is more peculiarly Intended. This being an Advertisement of those Accidents, which are for their Diversion alone—(to wit) What Forreigner of either Sex is arriv'd Famous for Vocal, or Instrumental Musick; when, and where will be an Entertainment, and the Names of the Artists who Perform in it: What New Plays are on the Stocks, and the Names of the Authors; what Persons of Honour are lately Married, and an account of their Fortunes; all new Songs, Copies of Verses, Prologues, or Epilogues which have not been Printed, will be here Incerted; Extraordinary Successes, or any Notable Events, which fall out either at Home, or Abroad, which have not been mention'd in any other Paper, will find Place here: With several other Matters, too long to be Express'd in this short Introduction to our Diverting Post.

A SONG of Triumph.

Set by Dr. BLOW.

Occasioned on the Battel of Blenheim.

Display the Standard, let the News be shown,
With Salvo's raise the Genius of the Town:
Old Thames, he corresponds, and best can tell
What Pow'rs caus'd Imperial Danube swell,
And turn a Purple Stream, a Sea of Blood;
No Fields thus overflown, since Canna's Flood!
A Victory, says Danubius, so Compleat,
Sure the Hero sprung from Thameis the Great.

Sing, sing Britannia's Arms, Her Shield and Spear,
The Glories of this Weighty Conquest bear;
Sing to the Harp, tun'd in Thessalian Grove,
That Harp, which us'd to cheer the Bird of Jove.
Erect the Trophy-Pillar, raise it high,
The Spoils wou'd mount it to the very Sky.

Europe's Palladium strikes the Giant Down:
Who wars with Heaven, must be overthrown.

Bring, bring the Chariot, and Triumphal Crown,
And March the Captive-Army thro' the Town;
The Banners, Ensigns, let those Trophies fall
Before the Standard of the Capital:
Then Plant 'em on the Banks of Thames, and there
Let 'em All grow, like Romulus's Spear.
The Stream in Tempe's Valley never had,
In Daphne's Reign, a Nobler Laurel-Shade.

An Epigram on the Prosperous Reign of Q. E. and our present Queen Anne.

Sure Heaven's unerring Voice, decreed of Old
The fairest Sex shou'd Europe's Ballance hold,
As Great Elisa's Forces humbled Spain,
So France now stoops, to Ann's Superior Reign:
Thus tho' proud Jove with Thunder fills the Sky,
Yet in Altea's hand, the fatal Scale does lie.

On the D. of Marlborough's Victory, at Blenheim.

The Conquering Genius of our Isle, returns,
Inspir'd by ANNE, the God-like Hero burns,
Retrieves the Fate our Ill-led Troops had lost,
And spreads reviving Virtue thro' the host.
In distant Climes the wandring Foe alarms,
And with new Thunder Austria's Eagle Arms:
The Danube's Banks forgetting Cæsar's Fame
Shall Echo to the sound of Malbro's Name:
The Shepherd's Pipes rejoice o'er Gallick Blood,
Which with Eternal Purple Stain the Flood.


This being a New Prologue and well receiv'd; we thought fit to incert it.

TO this, I hope kind Audience, I am sent,
Not with a Prologue, but a Compliment;
For Prologues, they are things grown stale to you,
And there's a secret Charm in all things New:
New Cloaths, new Whims, new Fashions and new Plays,
New Titles, Equipage, and now a-days
New Wives, new Husbands, for the Old won't Please.
Ev'n Children, they the fickle Change pursue,
And daily cry for Baubles that are New;
Miss, 'stead of Baby, a new Lover wants,
You Sparks, new Mistresses, and they Gallants:
Heroes new Honours seek in hard Campaigns,
And for the Beaux at Home, they want new Brains.

The

*The Side-Box Ladies ganany begin
Love fine new Lodgings,-- when the old are Bitt'd;
Pit-Masks, new Cullies (with stale Airs and Graces)
Kept Whores, new Settlements, and Men, new Faces;
For our parts, we love a Crowded House,
And that's a thing grown very new to us;
Tho', to our Cost, we try all ways to bit,
And troth, we've ev'ry thing that's new, but Wit.*

A Strange Prophet now in England.

 There is a Prophet now in England, who knows no Parents, neither did he ever Suck his Mothers Breasts, he hath a red Beard, and goes barefoot like a grey Fryar; he wears no Hat, and his Coat is partly coloured, it is neither Died, Knit, Woven, nor Spun; it is made neither of Silk, Hair, Linnen, nor Woollen, but naturally of a good Colour and Glossy: He drinks no Wine, nor Beer, but Water, and contents himself with a moderate Diet; He esteems not Money, neither will he receive it if proffered unto him; He walks neither with Stick, Staff, nor Sword; yet He marcheth boldly in the Face of his Enemies, and he can if he pleaseth Encounter with the Stoutest He, that wears an Head; He is often abused by wicked Men, yet he takes it patiently; He lets all Men alone with their Religion, neither doth he dispute with any Man about it, he complains of the Protestants, and inclines to the Papists who use him kindly in Lent; He sleeps in no Bed, but standing or sitting, and is admired by all Men for his Watchfulness; He crys out upon the wicked World, with out-stretched Arms, He is so skilled in all Languages, that Men of all Nations can understand him; He raiseth up Men by declaring that the day of the Lord is at Hand, the Doors, and Windows fly open when he Prophesies Day and Night, and Men find the Effects true; He was with Noah in the Ark, and with Christ when he was Crucified, He denies no Article of the Christian Faith.

He was lately at Rochester.

We hear that his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, was Created a Prince of the Empire before the King of the Romans left Vienna; and that his Majesty brought with him the Patent, to the Camp at Croon-Wesslenburgh before Landau: His Title is, *John Van-Churchill Prince of Donauvert.*

The Honourable and Reverend Doctor Godolphin, Provost of Eaton, and Brother to my Lord High Treasurer of England, was Married to Mrs. Godolphin a young Lady, a few days since.

Several Apartments are preparing in the Tower for the Marquess Valliere, and the other French Officers taken at the Battel of Blenheim; who are now at the Hague; and are to be transported with the first opportunity in the Yathes; sent from hence for them.

On Wednesday last the Right Honourable Sir John Parsons Lord Mayor entertain'd at Fishmongers-Hall Sir G. Rooke, Sir C. Shovel, Sir G. Bing, Sir John Jennings and the rest of the Sea-Officers, at a Splendid and Noble Entertainment: Where were the Queens, the Emperors, King of Spain and rest of the Confederate Princes healths drank, the Trumpets sounding, and the Violins and Hautboys playing, &c.

The Count Bianton Envoy Extraordinary from the Duke of Savoy, has lately waited on Her Majesty, to thank Her in His Royal Highnesses his Master's Name, for Her Extraordinary goodness in promoting a speedy Succour, which is to be sent to Italy, under the Command of Prince Eugene of Savoy; Consisting of 15000 Men.

The Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Kingston and several others of the Nobility, went on Wednesday last to Newmarket; on Thursday, Friday and Saturday several Great Matches at Horse-Racing were to be run, the particulars of which, shall be inserted in our next.

In few days will be Acted *Zalmayna*, or, *The Corinthian Queen.* Written by Mrs. Pix, a short Tragedy with the Addition of a Farce.

We hear that shortly will be publish'd a Poem upon the Signal Battel of Blenheim; wrote by *Joseph Addison Esq;* and Printed by *Jacob Tonson*: It's believ'd that this Piece will be perform'd with that Spirit and Fire, even to reach the Glory of that Celebrated Action, in its highest and most exalted Perfection.

Mr. Escourt the Famous Comedian of Ireland, who enter'd into Articles, with *Christopher Rich Esq;* to Play Ten Times; has with great Applause perform'd the Parts of the *Spanish Fryar*, twice, In the *Double Discovery*; *Ned Blount*, in the *Rover*, or *Banish'd Cavaliers*; *Sir Thomas Calico*, in *Sir Courtly Nice*, or it Cannot be; and *Capt. Bluff*, in the *Old Batchelour*; and this day performs the Part of *Teague the faithful Irish Man*, in the *Committee.*

On Wednesday next being All Saints Day, will be Acted, the *Committee*, by the Principal Actors of the New-Theatre, in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, Mr. Escourt being to perform the Part of *Teague the faithful Irish Man*, before the Cheif of the Honourable Society of the Inner-Temple.

The Play-House in the Hay-Market (the Architect being *John Vanbrugh Esq;*) built by the Subscription Money of most of our Nobility, is almost finish'd, in the mean time two Opera's translated from the Italian by good Hands, are setting to Musick, one by *Mr. Daniel Purcel*, which is called *Orlando Furioso*, and the other by *Mr. Clayton*, both Opera's are to be perform'd by the best Artists eminent both for Vocal and Instrumental Musick at the Opening of the House.

On monday, being the Day appointed for my Lord Mayor's Show; if any thing Extraordinary happens, we will present you with it in our next.

If any Gentlemen of the Universities or others have any Copies of Verses, or any thing, that is fit to be printed in this Paper, let them send them to *Ben. Bragg the Publisher*; and they shall be inserted, provided they are not too long.